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THE FATAL SOAP.

A little boy went out to swim,
And took a cake of soap with him,
And shined each supple little limb.

And when he on the bank arrove,
One long, last downward look he gove,
And then into the water dove.

And, trying to regain the top,
In vain, alas! he tried to flop—
He went so fast he couldn't stop!

His limbs were soaped from heel to hip;
He couldn't get a half a grip—
For, every time he tried, he'd slip.

The water no resistance gave,
And, so' beneath a murky wave,
He found a wet, untimely grave.

With thrilling, thundering, thumping thud
He struck the misty, moisty mud—
And turtles fattened on his blood.

We dedicate this little hymn
To little boys of supple limb
Who soap themselves before they swim.

—*Denver Tribune.*

BENTON COUNTY.

Description of Its Appearance and Present Condition by Voting Precincts.

Written Expressly for the Gazette by a Thirty Years Resident of the County.

YAQUINA PRECINCT

Extends along the coast from the north line of the county to Lower Alsea precinct, at Beaver Creek, being about 15 miles from north to south and four miles east and west, being bounded on the north by Tillamook county, on the east by Toledo and on the south by Lower Alsea precincts and on the west by the Pacific ocean.

This precinct embraces the Yaquina Bay, the entrance to which is about equal distance from its north and south boundaries. Entering the Bay from the ocean the course is nearly northeast, which gradually changes to east until at about four miles it turns suddenly to the south for two miles, when it again turns to the east, where the Bay terminates.

The entrance is between an abrupt sandy bluff on the north and a low sandy beach on the south, a little less than half a mile. The Bay then gradually widens to one and a quarter miles, to a point where it turns to the south, when it narrows to less than half a mile. A portion of the water is shoal flat, but ample ship room remains with a depth of water nowhere less than 30 and up to 50 feet, with good holding ground for anchors. There are two large tide sloughs that empty into the Bay from the south. The Bay is surrounded by low hills which mostly rise almost from the water's edges and these hills protect the harbor both from the northwest and southerly storms. The tide flats surrounding the Bay are narrow, the hills are mostly denuded of timber, giving good range for stock with good feed on all the hills. Between that portion of the Bay that runs north and south, and the ocean beach, is a range of low hills. About two miles east and west and about the same north and south, this tract is nearly free from timber and brush, comparatively level, sloping to the ocean, and having good view seaward. Cattle on this tract would find plenty of feed and no obstruction to their range. This is all taken up, but is almost entirely without stock to eat the abundance of grass that grows but to be wasted. Just east of that portion of the Bay above referred to, and over a low range of hills, a half mile distant, is a level open plane that surrounds the head of Boon slough, which empties into Yaquina river, about ten miles from the beach. This plane embraces country sufficient for five or six homsteads and is all occupied and well stocked with cattle which keep fat the year around. North of the Bay for two miles and extending inland about one mile, is a range of sandy hills 200 or 300 feet above the level of the ocean, covered with scrub pine and affording but scanty herbage. Four miles north of the Bay is Cape Foulweather, where is situated the lighthouse, this a first class white light, under the care of Captain Wass, whom visitors will find to be a geniai and accommodating gentleman. The outer portion of the Cape is owned by the government as a lighthouse reservation, the remainder, which is all clear of timber is owned by Geo. Meggeson and Thos. Briggs, who have it well stocked with cattle and sheep. Surrounding the Cape the country is not rough but covered with spruce timber and almost impenetrable underbrush.

About seven miles south of Yaquina is Beaver creek, on which is much good level land, some of which is inclined to be wet, but could not be classed as swamp land.

The soil of this precinct along the coast is more or less sandy and not very productive, but a little ways back the sand ceases and the soil is very productive. Very little grain has been raised. but vegetables and all kinds of small fruit have been cultivated and do well. Hay is easily produced and could be made a profitable production for export. Cattle and sheep raising have been carried on to a limited extent, but like the cultivation of the soil, has never been carried to an extent worthy to be called farming.

Bee culture has received sufficient attention to prove that it can be made a very profitable business, as any one will testify after taking a look through the apiary of Tommy Ferr. There is certainly no good reason why Oregon should import honey. There is one saw mill within the precinct though there are others on the tributaries. While the hills are clear of green timber, yet in the gulches and the head of the sloughs, good timber is found. This gives employment to a great portion of the population. All the lumber now manufactured, outside of the local demand, is taken by the O. P. R. R. Co. The oyster business was formerly a very important one, but owing to the wasteful manner in which it was carried on, was almost destroyed. but now, after a few years rest, the business is again assuming its former importance.

Newport, the principle town of the Bay, is situated just inside the entrance on the north side of the Bay. There a number of years since a reservation of a square mile was made for a government town site, but after a great deal of delay and inconvenience it was relinquished so the former claimant, Samuel Case. The town contains three general merchandise stores owned by James W. Brasfield; Alonzo Case and C. H. Williams; two drug stores owned by Thompson & Kime and by M. M. Davis; Walling and Wright have a hardware, tin and stove store. There are three saloons as follows: Garmis & Howard, James Ball, — Limpka and William Hammond; there are three good hotels, the Irvin House kept by J. R. K. Irvin, the Fountain House kept by J. E. Peterson and the Bay View House by Peter Abbey. E. H. Baldwin & Co. and Hammond & Smith serve the people with choice meats from their two markets, and Alonzo Case keeps a livery and feed stable. W. S. Hufford an attorney and counsel. or at law attends to the legal business, while W. B. Stout as justice of the peace is a terror to evil doers. E. C. Phelp's near town at Coast Hill Nursery, supples all varieties of nursery stock and cultivated flowers. Beer for the thirsty is furnished by a local brewery. The postoffice is kept by C. H. Williams and is supplied by a tri-weekly route from Corvallis and a weekly route down the beach to Waldport on Alsea bay. The place was incorporated by the last legislature and their municipal officers are now serving their first term.

Yaquina City is situated on the east side of the bay 4 miles down and is the terminus ot the O. P. R. R. Co. The company has here a large dock and two warehouses where is now stored a large lot of material for the construction of the road. Here is the telegraph office of the company and also the custom house. The Yaqnina *Post* a newsey little sheet under the proprietorship of Coll Van-Cleve is published here. There is a China store at this place. The railway company who are the proprietors of the place have not commenced selling lots as they have not yet located the grounds needed for their own use.

Oneatta one mile above on the same side of the bay is a sawmill town. Here is located the Oneatta mills owned by Allen Parker who has twice represented Benton county very acceptably in the state legislature. Mr. Hundsaker has a grocery and liquor store and Bagley has a shoe shop. About a mile farther up at Oysterville T. J. Foster & Co., do a wholesale and retail business in general merchandise.

The commerce of the bay amounts to about $150,000 per annum, divided between San Francisco and Portland. The little schooners, Kate and Ann and the Ona make regular trips to Portland. The steamers Benton and the Mary Hall run regularly on the bay. Government is now engaged on works for the permanent improvement of the bar by means of jetties. There has been appropriated by congress $110,000 for the work. This work is under the supervision of Mr. J. S. Polhemus C. E., directed by the board of U. S. Engineers of the United States at Portland. The population of the precinct is about 1000. Under the impulse given by the prospect of the completion of the Oregon Pacific in the near future from Newport to the heart of the valley, a distance of about 60 miles, almost every available portion of the precinct has been located. Many of these are held for speculative purposes, and no effort is made by some towards improvements while others are making permanent improvements. Of late years a very decided improvement is noticed in the buildings and other surroundings of the farms along the bay. A spirit of improvement is manifest at Newport in the neat appearance of the buildings that are rapidly going up. There is a postoffice at Newport and at Oneatta supplied by a triweekly mail from Corvallis to Elk City by land then by water to Newport. There is also a weekly mail from Newport to Waldport at the mouth of Alsea bay. From Newport to Corvallis a distance of about 60 miles is a good wagon road and also a road down the beach to Alsea bay. Educational facilities are not good, a great many sending to the Willamette valley to school. There is a school house at Newport where school is kept a good part of the year. There is also a school house at Oneatta and in the S. E. portion of the precinct near the residence of A. W. Wright and also one on Beaver creek, where the last school taught was more than ordinarily interesting. There is no building for church purposes; the Presbyterians attempt to keep up regular services, but as there is no resident minister and traveling very bad through the winter, it becomes very irregular, other denominations have occasional service.

The following contains a list of the names of the persons paying tax upon property in Yaquina precinct No. 8 and the amount of tax paid by each, as shown by the last assessment roll for Benton county:

Mrs. C. S. Abbey	$13	99
Capt. Allen	2	56
R. A. Bensell	23	43
Daniel Brown	9	26
James W. Brasfield	104	06
Alped Bailey	2	08
James Brown	1	36
Alonzo Case	8	84
Carlson		48
J. B. Crusier	5	80
L. E. Davis	7	96
M. J. Davis	6	40
J. G. Dutcher	4	56
J. B. Darley	5	60
M. M. Davis	14	40
S. Case	37	99
Thomas Ferr	16	04
T. J. Foster	19	36
John Ford	15	72
B. E. Gardner	14	25
M. Gillett	11	36
Oliver Jeffries	13	51
Estate of John Jessup	11	68
Wm. Hammond	51	87
James Hunsucker	8	48
Rowland B. Hinton	8	00
Henry Hulse	19	12
Joseph Kisburger	3	68
James King	10	68
George King	24	20
W. H. Logan	3	50
George R. Megginson	44	38
Jonathan Moore	3	00
George Matson	2	56
Mrs. Martha Miller	15	28
Megginson & Briggs	44	68
Wm. McCafferry	7	40
J. J. Nye	6	24
Nye & Thompson	8	00
Neal & Thompson	8	00
Charles H. Nash	9	71
J. A. Olson	22	80
Lucius W. Phelps	22	00
Thomas E. Parker	2	76
Newton Pool	11	61
F. M. Plummer	7	40
A. D. Perkins	4	51
Henry L. Rann	8	36
George H. Rosebrooks	12	20
R. L. Stevens	35	52
G. W. Stephens	10	12
Robert Sckwibold	3	20
W. P. Stitt	11	16
Mary J. Stout	3	20
Benjamin Schlup	1	26
Wm. Stevens	30	40
Thompson & Kime	18	56
Mrs. A. Thompson	8	00
Estate of John Wiser	6	40
Mrs. G. A. Wass	21	12
C. H. Williams	70	56
Fred Wissel	1	60
Capt. J. J. Winant	8	00
Total	$965	46

DECLINE OF ORATORY.

A Portland minister, says the *Itemizer*, in a recent lecture, follows the common theory and attributes the decline of oratory to the newspapers. According to this theory, the newspapers anticipate the orator, who must address audiences already so well informed by the press that nothing is left for the orator but to follow a path already marked out. This may be partially true, but the real cause of what is called the decline of oratory lies deeper than this. A radical change has been wrought in the mental condition of the people. Oratory, in the sense in which the word is here used, addresses the emotions rather than the intellect. Its province has been to move rather than to convince men. But the emotions have run dry, so to speak. Audiences no longer give themselves willingly into the orator's hands to be swayed by him. People have learned that

"They are dangerous guides, the feelings,"

And the orator finds a ready resistance opposed to his efforts to arouse emotional excitation. The notable campaign of 1844 cannot be repeated in this country because the public mind has outgrown the state that made "coon-skins, hard cider and log cabins" potent political arguments, and "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" an enthusing battle cry. Americans have come to be ashamed of that campaign, for it is now recognized to be, what it really was, unreasoning and unreasonable.

It is not, therefore, strictly accurate to say that the old time power of eloquence that swayed the listening multitudes has passed away because the press has usurped the orator's place. It is no detriment, but an aid to the orator, for his audience to be well informed on the subject under discussion. The true reason why he fails to move as he used to do, and why he has been compelled to abandon the ancient fervor of appeal, is found in the critical mental attitude of those who listen. People are now asking for reasons and remedies. When the glowing peroration is ended, and the orator looks for the passion he expected to arouse, he is met by a cool gaze, which being interpreted means: "What are you going to do about it?"

But it is eminently true that the press has been the instrument by which has been brought about the present critical mood. It has overthrown old notions, and brought every question to be tried at the bar of the most unimpassioned common sense. In the sense that it has induced this change in the intellectual status of the people, the newspaper has done its share in ruining oratory.

Yet if we give oratory its larger and better meaning, there has been no decline that we should regret. A great deal of that which passed for eloquence was ephemeral in effect, sound and fury, signifying nothing. The orator of to-day is on a higher plane. He has not lost, but gained power, because the effects he produces are permanent. This power depends, not on the easily moved passions of an undisciplined multitude, but on the effects which clear statement and logical sequence of thought have on calm minds that weigh the words uttered and receive them for what they are worth. There is still room for the warmth of earnestness and sincerity, but after all, facts, and facts only, tell. We conclude, then, that there has been, not a decline but a rise of oratory.

Smallpox.

Two cases of smallpox broke out in Weston, Oregon. They have been removed to an isolated house. Both were strangers in the city. The parties afflicted came up on the train with Thompson, the man who recently died at the pest house in this city. Mrs. Judge J. H. Lasater, of this city, is a well developed case of smallpox. She also caught the disease on the same train with Thompson. Her house has been quarantined. There is no fear of the disease spreading, and every precaution has been taken.

BILL NYE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.

The Boomerang reporter sent out to find the North Pole eighteen months ago has just been heard from. An exploring party recently found portions of his remains in latitude 4 11 44, longitude sou'-west by sou' from the pole, and near the remains the following fragment of a diary:

July 1, 1881.—Have just been out looking for a sunstroke and signs of a thaw. Saw nothing but ice float and snow as far as the eye could reach. Think we will have snow this evening unless the wind changes.

July 2.—Spent the forenoon exploring to the north-west for right of was for a new equatorial and North Pole railroad, and I think it would be of much value to commerce. The grade is easy and the expense would be slight. Ate my last dog to-day. Had intended him for the 4th, but got too hungry, and ate him raw with vinegar. I wish I was at home eating boomerang paste.

July 3.—We had quite a frost last night [illegible] morning as [illegible] small fruits [illegible] now two [illegible] since the [illegible] crew died and left me alone. Ate the leather ends of my suspenders to-day for dinner. I did not need the suspenders, anyway, for by tightening up my pants I find that they will stay on all right, and I don't look for any ladies to call, so that even if my pants came off by some overflight, nobody would be shocked.

July 4.- Saved up some tar roofing and a bottle of mucilage for my Fourth of July dinner and gorged myself to-day. The exercises were very poorly attended and the celebration rather a failure. It is clouding up in the west and I am afraid we are going to have snow. Seems to me we're having an all fired late spring here this year.

July 5.—Don't drink a drop yesterday. It was the quietest Fouth I ever put in. I never felt so little remorse over the way I celebrated as I do to-day. I didn't do a thing yesterday that I was ashamed of except to eat the remainder of a box of shoe blacking for supper. To-day I eat my last boot-heel, stewed. Looks as if we might have a hard winter.

July 6.—Feel a little apprehension about something to eat My credit is all right here, but there is no competition, and prices are, therefore, very high. Ice, however, is still firm.

This would be a good ice cream country if there were any demand, but a man feels as lonesome here as Greenbacker at a presidential election.

Ate a pound of cotton waste soaked in machine oil, to-day. There is nothing left for to-morrow but ice water and an old pocket-book. Looks as though we might have snow.

July 7.—This is a good cool place to spend the summer in if provisons were more plenty. I am wearing a seal skin undershirt, with three woolen overshirts and two bear skin vests to-day; and when the dew begins to fall I have to put on buffalo ulster to keep off the night air. I wish I was at home. It seems pretty lonesome here since the other boys died. I do not know what I'll get for dinner to-morrow unless the neighbors bring in something. A big bear is coming down the hatchway as I write. I wish I could eat him. It would be the first square meal in two months. It is however, a little mixed whether I will eat him or he will eat me. It will be a cold day for me if——

* * * * * *

Here the diary breaks off abruptly and from the chewed up appearance of the book we are led to entertain a horrible fear as to his safety.